

SIX MONTHS I COULD NOT WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Me Strong and Able to Work—I Recommend It To All My Friends.

Bayonne, N. J.—"I had pains in back and legs so that I could not stand caused by female trouble. I felt so tired all the time, had bad headaches, and for six months I could not work. I was treated by a physician and took other remedies but got no relief. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me very much. I am well and strong and now able to do my work. I cannot thank you enough and I recommend your medicine to my friends who are sick."—Mrs. SUSIE SCATANSKY, 25 East 17th St., Bayonne, N. J.

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for over forty years, and hold a record for such wonderful success as does Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

No man ever solves the problem of how to become rich. He wants a few dollars more than he ever gets.

CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep"



Do you feel all tangled up—bilious, constipated, headachy, nervous, full of cold? Take Cascarets tonight for your liver and bowels to straighten you out by morning. Wake up with head clear, stomach right, breath sweet and feeling fine. No griping, no inconvenience. Children love Cascarets too. 10, 25, 50 cents.—Adv.

Mistakes are opportunities for learning.—Emerson.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case
Mrs. George S. W. Pleasheim, 312 W. Pleasheim St., Iron Mountain, Mich., says: "My back pained, and dizzy, nervous spells came over me. Spectacles floated before my eyes and blurred my sight. My kidneys were too frequent in action. I always felt weak and run down. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I bought some and fourteen boxes cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

80 Years Old—Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eatonic for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken Eatonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eatonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eatonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1898; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. Conan Doyle
AUTHOR of THE ADVENTURES of SHERLOCK HOLMES

"WE SHALL SEE."

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go to school together at Berwick, where Jim is cock boy from the first. After two years Jim goes to Edinburgh to study medicine. Jack stays five years more at Berwick, becoming cock boy in his turn. When Jack is eighteen his cousin Edie comes to live at West Inch and Jack falls in love at first sight with his attractive, romantic, selfish, and autocratic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers. Reproached by Edie for staying at home, Jack starts to enlist. Edie tells him to stay. Jack promises to stay and marry her. She acquiesces. Jim comes home. Jack sees Jim kissing Edie. Jack and Jim compare notes and force Edie to choose between them. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. The downfall of Napoleon is celebrated. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch. He says he is Bonaventure de Lapp, a soldier of fortune. A man of mystery, and evidently of high position, he wins all hearts.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Jim Horscroft was at home all that summer, but late in the autumn he went back to Edinburgh again for the winter session, and as he intended to work very hard, and get his degree next spring if he could, he said that he would hide up there for the Christmas. So there was a great leave-taking between him and Cousin Edie, and he was to put up his plate and to marry her as soon as he had the right to practice. I never knew a man love a woman more fondly than he did her, and she liked him well enough in a way, for indeed in the whole of Scotland she would not find a finer-looking man; but when it came to marriage I think she winced a little at the thought that all her wonderful dreams should end in nothing more than in being the wife of a country surgeon. I was never very sure at that time whether Edie cared for De Lapp or not. When Jim was at home they took little notice of each other. After he was gone they were thrown more together, which was natural enough, as he had taken up so much of her time before.

Well, the summer and the autumn and the best part of the winter passed away, and we were still all very happy together. We got well into the year 1815, and the great emperor was still eating his heart out at Elba, and all the ambassadors were wrangling together at Vienna as to what they should do with the lion's skin, now that they had so fairly hunted him down. We never thought that what all these high and mighty people were doing could have any bearing upon us, and as to war—why, everybody was agreed that the great shadow was lifted from us forever, and that, unless the allies quarreled among themselves there would not be a shot fired in Europe for another fifty years.

There was one incident, however, that stands out very clearly in my memory—I think that it must have happened about the February of this year—and I will tell it to you before I go any further.

You know what the Border peel castles are like. I have no doubt. They were just square keeps, built every here and there along the line, so that the folk might have some place of protection against raiders and moss troopers. When Percy and his men were over the Marches, then the people would drive some of their cattle into the yard of the tower, shut up the big gate, and light a fire in the brazier at the top, which would be answered by all the other peel towers, until the lights would go twinkling up to the Lammermuir hills, and so carry the news on to the Pentlands and to Edinburgh. But now, of course, all these old keeps were warped and crumbling, and made fine nesting places for the wild birds.

One day I had been on a very long walk, away over to leave a message at the Laidlaw Armstrongs, who live two miles on this side of Ayrton. About five o'clock, just before the sunset, I found myself on the brae path, with the gable end of West Inch peeping up in front of me, and the old peel tower lying on my left. And as I stared I suddenly saw the face of a man twinkle for a moment in one of the holes in the wall.

It was so queer that I was determined to come to the bottom of it; so, tired as I was, I turned my shoulder

der on home, and walked swiftly toward the tower. The grass stretches right up to the very base of the wall, and my feet made little noise until I reached the crumbling arch where the old gate used to be. I peeped through and there was Bonaventure de Lapp, standing inside the keep, and peeping out through the very hole at which I had seen his face. He was turned half away from me, and it was clear that he had not seen me at all, for he was staring with all his eyes over in the direction of West Inch. As I advanced my foot rattled the rubble that lay in the gateway, and he turned round with a start and faced me.

"Hallo!" said I, "what are you doing here?"

"I may ask you that," said he. "I came up because I saw your face at the window."

"And I because, as you may well have observed, I have very much interest for all that has to do with the military, and of course castles are among them. You will excuse me for one moment, my dear Jack," and he stepped out suddenly through the hole in the wall, so as to be out of my sight.

But I was very much too curious to excuse him so easily. I shifted my ground swiftly, to see what it was that he was after. He was standing outside, and waving his hand frantically, as in a signal.

"What are you doing?" I cried, and then, running out to his side, I looked across the moors to see whom he was beckoning to.

"You go too far, sir," said he angrily. "I didn't thought you would have gone so far. A gentleman has the freedom to act as he chooses, without your being the spy upon him. If we are to be friends, you must not interfere in my affairs."

"I don't like these secret doings," said I, "and my father would not like them, either."

"Your father can speak for himself, and there is no secret," said he curtly. "It is you, with your imaginations, that make a secret. Ta, ta, ta! I have no patience with such foolishness." And, without so much as a nod, he turned his back upon me and started walking swiftly to West Inch.

Well, I followed him, and in the worst of tempers, for I had a feeling that there was some mischief in the wind, and yet I could not for the life of me think what it all meant. What could there be to spy about in Berwickshire. And besides, Major Elliott knew all about him, and he would not show him such respect if there was anything amiss.

I had just got as far as this in my thoughts when I heard a cheery hail, and there was the major himself, coming down the hill from his house, with his big bulldog, Bonnder, held in leash. This dog was a savage creature, and had caused more than one accident on the countryside, but the major was very fond of it, and would never go out without it, though he kept it tied with a good, thick thong of leather. Well, just as I was looking at the major, waiting for him to come up, he stumbled with his lame leg over a branch of gorse, and in recovering himself he let go his hold of the leash, and in an instant there was the beast of a dog flying down the hillside in my direction.

I did not like it, I can tell you, for there was neither stick nor stone about, and I knew that the brute was dangerous. As it came at me with bristling hair and its nose screwed back between its two red eyes, I cried out, "Boulder! Boulder!" at the pitch of my lungs. It had its effect, for the beast passed me with a snarl, and flew along the path on the traces of Bonaventure de Lapp.

He turned at the shouting, and seemed to take in the whole thing at a glance, but he strode along as slowly as ever. My heart was in my mouth for him, for the dog had never seen him before, and I ran as fast as my feet would carry me to drag it away from him. But somehow, as it bounded up and saw the twittering finger and thumb which De Lapp held out behind him, its fury died suddenly away, and we saw it wagging its thumb of a tail and clawing at his knee.

"Your dog, then, major?" said he, as its owner came hobbling up. "Ah, it is a fine beast—a fine, pretty thing."

The major was blowing hard, for he had covered the ground nearly as fast as I had.

"I was afraid lest he might have hurt you," he panted.

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried De Lapp. "He is a pretty, gentle thing. I always love the dogs. But I am glad that I have met you, major, for there is this young gentleman, to whom I owe very much, who has begun to think that I am a spy. Is it not so, Jack?"

I was so taken aback by his words that I could not lay my tongue to an answer, but colored up and looked

ashamed, like the awkward country lad that I was.

"You know me, major," said De Lapp; "and I am sure that you will tell him that this could not be."

"No, no, Jack! Certainly not! Certainly not!" cried the major.

"Thank you," said De Lapp. "You know me, and you do me justice. And yourself, I hope that you will soon have your regiment given you."

"I am well enough," answered the major; "but they will never give me a place unless there is war, and there will be no more war in my time."

"Oh! you think that?" said De Lapp, with a smile. "Well, nous verrons. We shall see, my friend!" He whisked off his hat, and turning briskly, he walked off in the direction of West Inch. The major stood looking after him with thoughtful eyes, and then asked me what it was that had made him think that he was a spy. When I told him he said nothing, but he shook his head, and looked like a man who was ill at ease in his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Coming of the Cutter.
I never felt quite the same to my lodger after that little business at the peel-tower. It was always in my mind that he was holding a secret from me; indeed, that he was all a secret together, seeing that he always hung a veil over his past.

And when by chance that veil was for an instant whisked away we all ways caught just a glimpse of some thing bloody and violent and dreadful upon the other side. The very look of his body was terrible. I bathed with him once in the summer, and I saw then that he was haggled with wounds all over. Besides seven or eight slashes his ribs on one side were twisted out of shape and a part of one of his calves had been torn away. He laughed in his merry way when he saw my face of wonder.

"Cossacks! Cossacks!" said he, running his hand over his scars. "And the ribs were broke by an artillery tumbler. It is very bad to have the gun pass over one. Now with cavalry it is nothing. A horse will pick its steps, however fast it may go. I have been ridden over by fifteen hundred cuirassiers and by the Russian hussars of Grodno, and I had no harm from that. But guns are very bad."

"And the calf?" I asked.

"Pooh! It is only a wolf bite," said he. "You would not think how I came by it! You will understand that my horse and I had been struck, the horse killed, and I with my ribs broken by the tumbler. Well, it was cold—oh, bitter, bitter!—the ground like iron and no one to help the wounded, so that they froze into such shapes as would make you smile. I, too, felt that I was freezing, so what did I do? I took my sword and I opened a dead horse, so well as I could, and I made space in him for me to lie, with one little hole for my mouth. Sapristi! It was warm enough there. But there was not room for the entire of me, so my feet and part of my legs stuck out. Then in the night, when I slept, there came the wolves to eat the horse, and they had a little pinch of me also, as you can see; but after that I was on guard with my pistols, and they had no more of me. Then I lived, very warm and nice, for ten days."

"Ten days!" I cried. "What did you eat?"

"Why, I ate the horse. It was what you call board and lodging to me. But of course I have sense to eat the legs and live in the body. There were many dead about who had their water bottles, so I had all I could wish. And on the eleventh day there came a patrol of light cavalry, and all was well."

It was by such chance chats as these—hardly worth repeating in themselves—that there came light upon himself and his past. But the day was coming when we should know all, and how it came I shall try now to tell you.

The winter had been a dreary one, but with March came the first signs of spring, and for a week on end we had sunshine and winds from the south. On the seventh Jim Horscroft was to come back from Edinburgh, for though the season ended with the first, his examination would take him a week. Edie and I were out walking on the sea beach on the sixth, and I could talk of nothing but my old friend, for, indeed, he was the only friend of my own age that I had at that time. Edie was very silent, which was a rare thing with her, but she listened, smiling, to all that I had to say.

"Poor old Jim!" said she, once or twice, under her breath. "Poor old Jim!"

"He is my husband."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Telling Time by Heart Throbs.

The average man's idea of a minute may be anywhere between 15 seconds and 200. But we all have a reliable clock in our bodies. The secret is simply to count your pulse-beats. Most people know how often their pulses beat in a minute, and it is, of course, easy to find out. The average rate is 72 a minute for a man, and rather more for a woman. A healthy person, however, may have a pulse-rate of anywhere between 60 and 84 a minute. So your own rate may easily be much faster or slower than the average. The secret that the sense of time was due to heart throbs was only guessed when a psychologist studying the problem discovered that people with unsound hearts are as rule abnormally weak in estimate the passage of time.

DYE RIGHT

Buy only "Diamond Dyes"



Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye worn, shabby skirts, waists, dresses, coats, gloves, stockings, sweaters, draperies everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, new, rich fadeless colors. Have druggist show you "Diamond Dyes Color Card."—Adv.

Quite Appropriate.
"What have you on hand for tomorrow afternoon?"
"A lot of fresh-air kids."

BOCHEE'S SYRUP

A Harmless Soothing, Healing Remedy for Coughs and Colds.

Here is a remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, throat irritation, and especially for lung troubles, that has been sold all over the civilized world in many thousands of households for the last fifty-four years. Its merits have stood this test of time and use, and surely no test could be more potent or convincing. It gives the patient with weak and inflamed lungs a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. Try one bottle, accept no substitute. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.—Adv.

May Get the Rope.
City Chap—Well done, old chap. You sow and I reap the fruits.
Farmer—Maybe you will. I am sowing hemp.

"CORN"

Lift Right Off Without Pain



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you can lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

You cannot build a reputation on the things you are going to do.—James J. Hill.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. F. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The cup that cheers was a noisy piece of property.

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Kill That Cold With

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.
Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache
Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

"Beauty is Only Skin Deep"



but a beautiful skin is possible only when the liver and kidneys are active, and the bowels functionate properly. The secret of beauty as well as of health is to maintain perfect digestion and elimination.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

help to preserve beauty and maintain health, because they influence liver, kidneys, skin and stomach to functionate in harmony and efficiently.

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Its Sort.
"I hear the newest style of dancing is called 'the Cat Step.'"
"It must be something like pussy-footing."

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out; Doubles Its Beauty.



A few cents buys "Danderine." After an application of "Danderine" you can not find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.—Adv.

If handsome is as handsome does, some good-looking girls are anything but handsome.

"Pape's Diapiesin" Corrects Stomach

"Pape's Diapiesin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, fermentation or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only 60 cents at drug store. Absolutely harmless and pleasant. Millions helped annually. Best stomach corrective known.—Adv.

The building is a typical open-faced watch.



"Tell your Mother
KEMP'S BALSAM
will stop that cough, Bill. My mother gives it to me when I get a cough and you don't hear me coughing all the time."

Cuticura Soap
IS IDEAL
For the Hands
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Are You Going to Buy a Talking Machine?

If so, before doing so, write me as I Can Save You \$75.
C. M. Brouse, 254 W. 98th St., N. Y. City

HAIR OR COMBINGS

made into switches. Satisfactorily your own hair back. Small cost. W. Amba, M., Ottumwa, Mich.

EXPERIENCED FLORIDA LAND SALESMEN, ATTENTION! Opportunity for real producers to secure very profitable agencies, representing highest-class orange grove development—a \$4,000,000 project—Florida's most attractive offer. Communications confidential. State experience. Temple Terrace, Inc., 204 Mach. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Cream. Freckles disappear in 10 days. 25c. Dr. Barry's Freckle Cream, 207 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Hates Carving.
Mrs. Green—My husband hates carving.
Mr. Brassie—I noticed that it makes him mad to slice his ball.

WARNING!

The "Bayer Cross" on tablets is the thumb-print which positively identifies genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.



Safety first! Insist upon an unbroken "Bayer package" containing proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago and for Pain generally. Made and owned strictly by Americans.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolitester of Salztromm